

THE GIFT OF WINTER.

Now the year is waning fast ;
 Now her course is well-nigh done ;
 Whirled like leaves before the blast,
 Thousands pack their traps, and run
 Off to Spain, the Riviera,
 Egypt, India, anywhere a-
 way from England, rushing to the sun.

Hushed is now the poet's lay ;
 He has sung till all was blue
 Steadily since early May ;
 Now his only "winter view"
 Is a songless wish to follow
 In the footsteps of the swallow ;
 ("Footsteps" isn't right, but it will do.)

Not as these I touch the strings ;
 Heartily though I admire
 Flowers, and birds, and all that brings
 Matter to a poet's lyre,
 Yet the time I mostly hymn is
 When the man has cleaned the
 chimneys,
 And the hour has come to start a Fire.

Then it is that Britain's clime
 Grows, beyond all others, fair ;
 All the rigours of the time,
 Rigours of the earth and air,
 Melt before the gassy bubbling
 Of the rich and radiant nubbling ;
 And, whatever happens, I don't care.

Daily, ere I move at large
 Forth to mine accustomed goal,
 I bequeath a sacred charge,—
 Lay it on a maiden's soul :—
 "Mind you keep the fire up, ANNIE,
 SARAH, or, it may be, FANNY,
 Fill the scuttle ; hang the price of coal!"

Is it freezing? Let it freeze!
 Does it snow, or sleet, or rain?
 Do I cough or do I sneeze?
 (Bless me!) Why should I complain?
 Norrard is the wind, or East'ly?
 Never mind ; however beastly,
 All the better when I'm home again.

Sweet to sit indoors, and smoke ;
 Warm one's heart, and toast one's
 toes ;
 Give the fire a friendly poke ;
 Note the glamour that it throws
 O'er my *res angustæ domi* ;
 For a fact, you'd hardly know my
 Dusky attic when the firelight glows.

This it is that sheds a light
 O'er the sullen days ahead ;
 This that shines for ever bright,
 Always welcome, always red ;
 Sweet by day ; and in the small hours
 Even sweeter, and, of all hours,
 Pleasantest when turning out of bed !

When I clasp the solemn sponge :
 Shiver on the icy brink ;
 Shut my eyes, and take the plunge ;
 Struggle madly, gasp, and sink ;
 Fight for life, and wildly utter



"YESTERDAY I WAS LOOKING UP MY ANCESTRAL TREE —"
 "DID THEY THROW ANY NUTS?"

Cries for help ; and, with a splutter,
 Rise, like Venus, wet and very pink ;

When I stand, superbly nude,
 While a sympathetic glow
 Warms my "British attitude"
 Slowly upwards from below ;
 When my calves are simply stewing
 (Tho' it takes a power of doing) :—
 That's about the finest thing I know !
 DUM-DUM.

"Inarticulateness of speech, in conjunction
 with defective ear-training, produces some queer
 results. At a school not a hundred miles from
 Oldbury the well-known lines of GOLDSMITH :
 The way was long, the wind was cold,
 The minstrel was infirm and old,
 were rendered by several of the pupils as :
 The way was long, the wind was cold,
 The minstrel was infernal old."

Oldbury Weekly News.

Writing "GOLDSMITH" for "SCOTT"
 is certainly one of the queerest results
 of ear (or any other) training that we
 can remember to have seen.

The Literary Controversy of the Day.

THE recent boycotting of St. Paul's
Epistle to the Ephesians by *The Times*
 Book Club has had an interesting sequel,
 an announcement having been made in
The Spectator of the publication of a
 book called *The Apostles' Greed*. It
 will be remembered that *The Times*
 boycott of the *Epistle to the Ephesians*
 was generally put down to its indigna-
 tion at the publisher's conduct in not
 giving the author his fair share of the
 800%. Now *The Spectator* comes for-
 ward to show that the boot is, if any-
 thing, on the other leg. We leave these
 two famous journals to fight the matter
 out themselves.

Commercial Candour.

"The '—' Whiffs are as different from
 other Whiffs as the cheap five-a-penny machine-
 made Cigarette is from the high-class hand-
 made article."—*Leaflet Advt.*

MR. PUNCH'S GREAT OFFERS. £30,000 in Prize Money.

DELUGE OF CONGRATULATIONS.

DEEPLY impressed as always with the conviction that the progress of invention has been delayed by lack of encouragement, *Mr. Punch* has decided to offer £30,000 in three sums of £10,000 each, to

(1) The first aeronaut who succeeds in flying to Mars and back within a week :

(2) The first person who succeeds in penetrating to the centre of the Earth in a fortnight :

(3) The first person who succeeds in swimming from Fishguard to Sandy Hook before the end of the year 1909.

With a view to enlarging the field of competitors as widely as possible, the contests will be thrown open to all nations, the only conditions imposed being such as are essential to prove to demonstration that the prescribed task has been actually achieved in each case.

Thus it will be obligatory upon the winner of the first award to bring back from Mars some tangible Martian trophy—the tail feathers of a Martian, supposing the inhabitants of the planet to have any ; the scalp of a Martian, supposing them to have heads ; or the prospectus of a Martian book club, supposing them to have enterprise. A live Martian would of course be best, but in this case *Mr. Punch* reserves the right to control all interviews with him and to become part owner of the copyright of any book that he might write on our own planet.

The winner of the prize for reaching the centre of the earth would have to bring back specimens likely to satisfy the best geologists and mineralogists ; and if he should tap any auriferous or diamond-bearing strata on the way down *Mr. Punch* reserves the right of working them for his own purposes and profit.

Of the winner of the Atlantic swim it would be required that he should communicate with our office by marconigraph every half hour on the way across.

Needless to say, *Mr. Punch's* patriotic and generous offer is exciting incredible enthusiasm in every portion of the civilised world. At the last meeting of the Aero Club in Berlin the announcement threw several hundreds of the leading balloonists into convulsions of ecstasy, Privy Councillor BUSLEY and Professor ASSMANN in particular becoming so excited that they were unable to keep their feet and floated up to the roof—an exploit all the more remarkable when it is borne in mind that Professor ASSMANN weighs 16 and Privy Councillor BUSLEY 17½ stone. Professor HARNACK has a long article in the current number of *Die Nation* on "Ballooning amongst the ancient Babylonians," in which he describes the pleasures of aviation as a

foretaste of heaven, and RICHARD STRAUSS is engaged on a new symphonic poem entitled *Icarus*.

The enthusiasm in Italy is even greater, and Signor SCHIAPARELLI, the famous astronomer, who first discovered the canals in Mars, is busily engaged on the construction of a motor canal-boat for *Mr. Wells*. Signor FOGAZZARO has promised to dedicate his next novel to the winner, and a large proportion of the children born since the announcement have been named PULCINELLO in honour of the donor of the prize.

On his sportsmanlike and generous offers *Mr. Punch* has also received thousands of enthusiastic letters, a selection of which appears below :—

DEAR SIR,—It gives me the most sincere pleasure to enter for the Mars race, which has been rendered possible by your splendid generosity. May I be allowed, however, to suggest that you should modify the conditions governing the competition in one important particular, viz., that the aeronaut, or as I prefer to call him, the aviator, should be allowed to call *en route* at not more than two planets to obtain fresh supplies of petrol. Yours, &c., H. G. WELLS.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to inscribe my name in the list of competitors in the great boring prize which you have so generously offered. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary for me to supply you with evidence of the *bona fides* of my application, but I may perhaps be allowed briefly to refer to my profound and successful excavations in search of prehistoric fauna embodied in my little brochure on the Mammoth, and to the letters—occupying several thousand columns—which during the past twenty years I have contributed to *The Times*. Yours faithfully,

H. H. HOWORTH.

DEAR SIR,—Your splendid prize should do much for natation.

MONTAGU HOLBEIN.

DEAR SIR,—Swimming may be said hitherto to have been only in its infancy. With your offer it becomes an adult and serious thing. I mean to have a go for that ten thou. JABEZ WOLFF.

DEAR SIR,—I am so much impressed by your generosity that I wish to add my mite to augment each prize. I hereby offer £1000 to each of the winners, together with a medal bearing my portrait to commemorate the renaissance of munificence. Yours, &c.,

HALL CAINE.

"Bid him come forth
And not blush so to be admired."

The Theatre Magazine promises an illustrated interview with *Mr. Hall Caine*. Surely this must be the first time that *Mr. Caine* has consented to be interviewed.

HOW THEY WORK THE WEATHER.

(A real conversation, overheard by *Mr. Punch*, author of "The Great Gerrard Family," "Tate's Private Opinion of Brady," etc.)

NEGRETTI put down his glass, and lit a cigarette with great care.

"Now then," he said, "to business."

ZAMBRA took out his pencil, and chewed the end of it reflectively.

"Let's see," he began, "what did we have yesterday? Read it out, NEGRETTI, will you?"

"Well, I was just wondering if we couldn't have a bit of a change, ZAMBRA, old man," said NEGRETTI nervously. "You see—"

ZAMBRA leant back and closed his eyes.

"The paper you will find in the corner," he said.

"All right, ZAMBRA," said NEGRETTI meekly. "I only meant— Ah, here we are. 'Strong winds, unsettled, squally, some rain and mist, mild.' Yes, that was it. 'An unsettled type of atmospheric condition was generally in the ascendant,'" he continued, with the conscious pride of the author, "'owing to a deep disturbance off the—'"

"Oh, never mind that," interrupted ZAMBRA rudely. "I don't mind your doing that part yourself, only don't bother me with it. 'Strong winds, unsettled . . . ' I should think we might have that again. Eh?"

NEGRETTI coughed.

"I suppose if you say so, ZAMBRA."

"Well, why not?"

"Oh, nothing. Only I was thinking of going a little bicycle ride to-morrow. But if you think—"

ZAMBRA threw down his pencil and got up.

"All right, then," he said. "Do the thing yourself."

"No, no, ZAMBRA, I didn't mean . . . of course, I know how your garden wants rain . . . still, I had just jotted down a few ideas . . . Ahem!" He cleared his throat. "Light breezes, fine, sunny, very mild." And then I thought we might just put in 'Rain locally,' and then perhaps your garden . . ."

"My dear NEGRETTI!"

"No, no, of course, I don't imply for a moment . . ." He broke off, and began a new line. "You mustn't think, ZAMBRA, that I am not grateful to you. I remember what difficulties I had before I met you, when I had to do all this by myself. But I do think that just this once, when I want to bicycle to Reigate—"

"Say no more," said ZAMBRA, and he leant over and clasped NEGRETTI's hand.

"Thank you, ZAMBRA."

"I've thought of a brilliant idea. We'll have 'strong winds, unsettled, squally' as before, only we'll put in



THE HORSE-THIEF.

TROOPER ROSEBERRY (of the Scots Greys). "HE'S AWA' WI' MA HORSE! AN' HIM A BRITHER SCOT!"

[Lord ROSEBERRY is expected to take an active part in the National Meeting to be held at Edinburgh for the purpose of protesting against Mr. HALDANE's proposed withdrawal of all cavalry from Scotland.]



HIS FIRST ROUND.

Caddie (pointing to direction flag). "You'd better play right on the flag, Sir."

Curate. "THINK YOU VERY MUCH. BUT I HAVE VERY GRAVE DOUBTS AS TO MY ABILITY TO HIT SUCH A VERY SMALL MARK AT THIS DISTANCE!"

'fine locally.' See? Then that will be all right for you. By the way, what direction is the wind?"

NEGRETTI moistened a finger and held it up. Then he glanced furtively at ZAMBRA.

"Dead north," he said, and began to whistle loudly.

"Right," said ZAMBRA, "I've got all that down. Now we just want a few figures. Let's see, I always let you do the figures, don't I?"

"You do, ZAMBRA," said NEGRETTI, gratefully.

"Very well then, off you go. Think of a number."

"Two hundred and eighty-seven."

ZAMBRA tapped, but not impatiently, with his pencil.

"Between twenty-eight and thirty," he said.

"Twenty-nine," said NEGRETTI.

"Good. 'Barometer 29.67,' say. Thermometer, Max. 57, Min. 40.' There, that'll do for now."

"Lowest on grass 33," said NEGRETTI, firmly.

ZAMBRA stared.

"Do you still amuse yourself like that?" he asked.

"Lowest on grass 33," repeated NEGRETTI. "I don't care, I am senior partner, lowest on grass 33, lowest on—"

ZAMBRA shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said coldly.

NEGRETTI seized the pencil eagerly.

"I'm off now," said ZAMBRA. "Let me see a fair copy. And—and, you're not a bad chap after all, NEGRETTI. Good-bye."

* * *

"A very unsettled type of atmospheric condition was again in the ascendant," wrote NEGRETTI, with his head on one side, and his tongue out, "owing to a deep disturbance—"

He looked up suddenly and chuckled. "I got the wind dead north," he said gleefully, "and I'm going to Reigate to-morrow. And ZAMBRA never spotted it. 'Strong N. winds.' Yesterday they were south, and ZAMBRA never—"

He stopped and coughed. "I was letting my mind wander. Where was I? Ah, yes. 'Owing to a deep disturbance which struck the . . .'"

Outside, ZAMBRA was putting on his coat.

"Confound NEGRETTI!" he muttered. "The man's simply becoming a tyrant. I shall have to put my foot down soon."

"As you were!"

"Thanks to the party system, we are nearly always as we were, for if a Radical Government crawls forward three inches, the next Tory Government jumps back three miles."—*Radical Press.*

If our sailors have to do this every time they receive the word of command "As you were," no wonder there is reputed to be an insubordinate spirit abroad.

Efficiency in the Auxiliary Forces.

FROM the regimental orders of the C.U.V.R.C. (in *The Cambridge Review*):

"Any candidate who obtains 8% of marks in the above examinations will be entitled to distinction."

"Petitioner, who has a striking head of hair, denied that he had ever been guilty of cruelty to his wife."—*Star.*

CONSIDERING his natural advantages, we think that his restraint was extraordinary.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER X.

The Tate and the Chantrey Pictures.

THE English people have of course always been intelligently interested in art. As is well known, large sums of money are voted every year by the Government for the purchase of Old Masters, in search of which we have highly-paid expert advisers in all the capitals of Europe. None the less there has always been a loophole for private enterprise, and one of these was seized by the late Sir HENRY TATE (who is no relation of HARRY TATE of the Halls, in spite of the statement to the contrary in the *Almanach de Gotha*), who noticed that rich as was the north bank of the Thames, about Millbank, in ship-yards, cab-ranks, and female prisons it had no picture gallery, and he therefore built one there.

It is now one of the resorts of the art world. There are canvases there which connoisseurs come vast distances to see; while it is said that COQUELIN himself, before producing SARDOU's *Mortification*, once spent a day there in order to study the expressions of the curator's face as the new Chantrey Bequest pictures were brought in. Excellent in its way as is the work of WATTS and MILLAIS, LAWSON and ALFRED STEVENS, CONSTABLE and TURNER, it is of course for its unique collection of Chantrey treasures that one seeks the Tate. Year after year they come in, directly the Royal Academy summer show closes its doors, and with the new arrivals the Channel service bringing the *virtuosi* from Berlin and Munich, Paris and Madrid, has to be augmented. "Week-ends at the Tate" (*Fin de semaine au Tate*) are among the great attractions of the Continental Cook, who issues tickets by the thousand to art lovers. Most of the Millbank hotels take the coupons, and special arrangements for sedatives at reduced prices have been made with the local chemists.

It is doubtful if London has any more interesting sight than a meeting of the committee at work at Burlington House choosing the Chantrey pictures soon after the opening of the Academy. It has been customary to consider a bump supper as the acme of high-spirited enthusiasm; but the excitement at one of those functions is dulness itself compared with the infectious delight of

these eminent artists as masterpiece after masterpiece is selected by them for the Tate Gallery. Shallow persons say that artists are jealous of each other. A lie! There is a genuineness of appreciation among painters that cannot be described. The murmur of their praises reaches even to Piccadilly, mixing oddly with the other sounds of the sweet May night—for the selection of the Chantrey pictures is always done after dark. "That's a good picture!" you may hear. "By Jove, but that's good!" "Where's your MICHAEL ANGELO now?" "Talk about paint!" "Whew, he's a master!" Such are the phrases which come tumbling into the street, while now and then the thin quavering tones of a Nestor among the committeemen will cut into the night—"If only I were eighty years younger! Ah me! Ah me!"



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.
ENTHUSIASTIC EXPERTS DECIDING ON THE PURCHASE OF A CHANTREY BEQUEST PICTURE.

It is, of course, a great time for the artists whose work is under discussion. They sit at home, at Bedford Park and Chelsea, waiting to know the worst; which is told them by messengers who leave Burlington House like arrows directly a purchase has been decided upon. It is customary to give these messengers a fee of five shillings if the picture has been bought, and £5 if it has been rejected.

(To be continued.)

Getting Back on the Boss.

A NOTICE in a boot-repairer's shop in Birmingham runs:—

"All our work is done by machinery on the latest principal."

As a result of its enterprising interest in aeronautics, *The Daily Mail* is now known as "The Fly Paper."

ABOUT GOVERNESSES.

By HELEN AND CECIL.

CECIL and me are always worried now, and it's just because Miss THOMPSON (Miss TOMMY, we called her) got married in summer. You see Miss TOMMY came from a new kind of college, where she had been properly trained never to tire children, and always to be interesting. As soon as ever she wasn't interesting we told her, and she begged our pardons and thought of something else quick.

CECIL is much patienter than me, so I always had to start the languishing. You lie back and blink your eyes, and draw one hand over your fevered brow—it's quite easy. We made Miss TOMMY tell us all about her training, and how she had to carry her pupils "along the line of their natural ability."

That was how we came to miss the multiplication table, and the dates. They didn't lie along any of our lines.

Miss TOMMY explained to Mother before she left that she thought Mother really ought to know that there was something the matter with our brains, and that the sum part had got left out by mistake, and Mother was quite worried, and CECIL and me heard her say something to Nurse about a Specialist.

I thought it must be because of poor Dad.

You see CECIL and me get all the really intellectual part of us from Mother. Of course Dad is a J.P. and a Chairman, but he can get all he wants for those kinds of things straight out of his own head—fresh. But it is Mother who goes to the Extension Lectures

and shuts herself up with the Encyclopædia writing the papers. Dad only stays at the County Club and fetches her away. (CECIL says I ought to say that Dad uses the Encyclopædia for a racket press, and that will show the kind Dad is.)

Then it is Mother who tells Dad what he really ought to read, only he never does. Dad says that he once read somewhere that you couldn't be a gentleman unless you had forgotten your Latin; but Mother says he has got the quotation all wrong, and that in any case it was a most unwise thing to say before us children.

But of course the real thing that's the matter with poor Dad is that he has the artistic temperament, and when once you've got a temperament they say it sticks, and you oughtn't to be blamed, and that's why—but I forgot, I haven't explained about Miss Moor yet.

I really had to listen to what Mother was saying to Dad just before she came.

"I am so dreadfully afraid that the children have been fed on mince-meat, and are never going to get their intellectual teeth at all. With a conscientious boy like CECIL the system might succeed, but not with an inveterate little shirk like HELEN. HELEN must learn to grip hard, and I am thankful that Miss MOOR is the real old-fashioned kind."

Of course I told CECIL, and we were frightfully anxious to know what the real old-fashioned kind was like. Now we do know.

We started with a dreadful disappointment about Miss MOOR the first week.

We had found out that she was very High Church, so on a Saint's Day we suggested to Mother that Miss MOOR might wish to go to church. (We had had a ripping invitation from the Forester.)

But when Mother asked her she only said, "Thank you—no, Mrs. LISTER. I have never believed in a religion that interfered with lessons!"

Then there was the Multiplication Table! Why, the very first morning Miss MOOR said she had never heard of children of our ages not knowing up to twelve times.

We explained all about our heads, and the line of natural ability, but she just said, "Nonsense!"

Afterwards Dad offered us each half-a-crown if we would say the thing to him in a week. We learnt it in two days, but that was because we wanted to buy a pair of rabbits.

And even languishing is no good. Miss MOOR only says, "HELEN, as you are neither the heroine of a magazine story nor a worn-out seamstress, sit up, please!"

There's only one gleam in the dullness. You see she thinks CECIL has what she calls the "faculty for diligence," and she lets him argue with her when she won't listen to a single word from me. So when I'm desperate I kick CECIL, and then he starts—just to give me a rest.

Only last Friday she was dreadfully bothersome over some dates of EDWARDS and HENRYS, so I kicked CECIL hard and said, "Don't you wish, CECIL, that poor Dad had been more intellectual?"

"Explain yourself, HELEN!" she said. "If Dad had got all this stuff safely into his head it might have helped me a little, don't you think?"

"HELEN, I am simply appalled at you!" she said. "Your father is an altogether estimable gentleman! Stop idling and learn those dates!"

I kicked CECIL again, and then he woke up.

"Could you tell me what is meant by the artistic temperament?" he asked, awfully politely.

"The artistic temperament is a very



Billiard Enthusiast (having mistaken his room at the hotel, holding on to knobs of bed). "WHICH DO YOU PREFER, SIR? SPOT OR PLAIN?"

special gift, CECIL, which enables those who possess it to view things in the light of what they seem, or else of what they wish them to be, rather than as they are."

"Have you it, Miss MOOR?"

"If you had it," I broke in, "you could say our sums were right when they weren't, supposing you wanted to go, couldn't you?"

"For your sake, HELEN, I am thankful there is no such fatal flaw in my educational instinct. Go on with those dates."

"Poor Dad has it!" persisted CECIL.

"He says the more short-sighted you are the better you can paint; and the less you know the smarter you can write. He says that some of *The Daily Mail* people have it."

"Don't get discursive, CECIL," said Miss MOOR. "For a boy of your age, I do not consider it suitable to discuss either your own father or *The Daily Mail*."

"Then may we talk about dates? Because—"

"Certainly. Dates are the foundations of all history. First the date, then the man; even you, CECIL, have your date."

"But wouldn't it be safer to have the man first, and then the date?"

"Why safer?"

"Only—if somebody had forgotten my date, wouldn't I be here?"

"That is why we keep your birthday, CECIL, to be quite sure you are there!"

We looked round and there was Dad. Miss MOOR did jump.

But anyhow that's really the kind of person Miss MOOR is, and that's why we know such lots of things now that we never meant to know.

But there's one awfully decent thing about her. She has an invalid mother, and has to go home on Friday nights, and that's how it was, one Saturday, that we went hunting Socialists. I'll tell you about that another time perhaps.

THE PUNCHPUDDLE HUNT.

I.

In the Punchpuddle Hunt there are tinkers and tailors
And rich men and poor men of every degree;
There are beggarmen, thieves, there are soldiers and sailors—
The only thing lacking's a Labour M.P.;
There are butchers and bakers (old men with new acres),
And of sportsmen—at times—a stray couple or three.
Oh, happier far with a duck-gun and punt
Were the Nimrods that follow The Punchpuddle Hunt!

II.

See The Punchpuddle Hunt on "The Walnuts" converging,
The seat of Sir Solomon Ikestein (we'll say),



Through villages surging, from stations emerging,
The high-roads and by-roads with scarlet are gay.
On covert-hacks spurring, in motor-cars whirring,
In hundreds they flock to the breakfast to-day.
The steeds of the Ikestein are turned in the stalls;
The ancestor Ikesteins leer down from the walls;
On the chairs in the halls are the famous Three Balls,
Or, on a field *sable*; while yonder the table
Is groaning beneath a repast that appals.
Oh, the food and the drink and the roads bear the brunt
Of the damage that's done by The Punchpuddle Hunt!

III.

See the Punchpuddle Hunt on the terrace assembling,
All swelling and pompous and ripe for the fray.
How the horses are jostling and wincing and trembling
As they push to the front of the motley *mêlée*.
See the head carried high,
See the crop-hand on thigh,
For the local photographer's busy to-day.
It is done: they are off to the Ikestein plantations—
"There's a fox," goes the song, "in the spinney, they say;"
"Eleu, in!" and the whips hurry down to their stations;
"Tally-ho!" from the laurels—the fox is away!



View-holloas are pealing; yes, there he goes stealing,
His pads full of sawdust, his brush full of hay.
O'er the tennis-lawn sailing, he slips through the paling,
And a strong scent of aniseed clings to the clay.
With the dog-pack behind and a bagman in front,
See the charge down the drive of The Punchpuddle Hunt!

IV.

See, The Punchpuddle Hunt on the gravel are striding
Away to the lodge-gate as straight as a die.
The huntsman is riding: the field-master's chiding:
And behind them, amongst them, the hounds in full cry.
At the lodge one cries, "Whoa!"
And again, "Tally-ho!"
There's the fox ringing back to his crate in the sty!"
Through a gate on the right through the gallant first flight,
And the wily one crossing the orchard they spy.
On the musical grey
And the collar-marked bay
And the job-master's hack that goes out every day,
Feet home, shoulders up, through the meadows they fly,
Under branches low-hung and through gates widely swung
Till a ragged, black bullfinch looms hairy and high.
Right round to the left see the multitude swerving,
For yonder goes Reynard the bold and the sly—
Ah, right in the line is a vision unnerving,
A grim, four-foot drain, terror-striking—though dry!
So they circle like birds, using horrible words,
As they search for the bridge which they hope to be nigh;
Save a youth on a roan with a will of its own;
See him rise to the sky: hear him yelling "Almigh—!"
See him cling to the saddle and land with a grunt—
'Tis the "Hard-riding Dick" of The Punchpuddle Hunt!

V.

Oh, The Punchpuddle Hunt are unflinching, untiring!
Three times round the house at full gallop they sail,



Red, panting, perspiring—domestics admiring—
Already the leaders are catching the tail.
Three times has the fox
Had a try for his box,
And three times have they headed him off with a pail,
And now through the meadows once more he is slinking,
Since attempts at the pigaty in nowise avail;
He's right back for Leadenhall, beaten and sinking;
He'll run the embankment—he came down by rail.
"Tally-ho!" in the lane;
He'll be crossing that drain!
There's the governess waving with might and with main,
See her walking-stick thumping his back like a flail!
The hounds in full cry close behind him are tearing;
His limbs seem to totter, his lungs seem to fail;
He leaps for the bank with an effort despairing,
And into a rabbit-hole creeps like a snail.
The spade and the pick get him out double-quick;
"Who-hoop!" and the bagman is dead as a nail.
"Forty-five of the best. Now for luncheon and rest;
And let Leicestershire envy and Lincolnshire quail!"
(Oh, a three-legged fox and the words "*Quid prosunt?*"
Should be motto and crest for The Punchpuddle Hunt!)



Guard of Express Train (just on point of departure)—to porter. "Is that gentleman going on? PUT HIM IN THERE--PUT HIM IN ANYWHERE!"

BETSY.

SHE'S as round and fat
As a well-turned pat
Of Dorset.
Her fun,
Like the sun,
Is bright
And light:
It's the sort of fire
That doesn't require
Any bellows to force it.
She's only three,
You see,
But she chaffs
And laughs,
And then in a tone
That's all her own
She sets you down
With an angry frown,
And a stamp of her slipper;
And follows it up,
The pup,
With a peal so merry,
That you're quite put out
By the sudden shout
Of this tiny tripper,
This most important and very
Impertinent ripper.

She's a dancing,
Glancing,
A most entrancing
Bundle of life,
At strife
With reason,
And quick to seize on
Your slightest word
In a manner absurd
To help herself,
The Elf,
And to show
You know
Little or nothing at all
Of anything great or small;
A most outrageous, imperious,
Solemnly serious,
Anti-narcotic,
And highly despotic,
Whimsical chit,
With a turn for wit,
And a funny snub-nose,
And a great pink rose
In place
Of a face.
Oh she's the one
In the midst of her fun
To make or to pick names,
The queerest nick-names,

For you and the rest;
To give herself airs
With the very best
As she walks downstairs
With an invalid doll wrapped up in a
shawl
And a Dandie bandy peppery dog,
With his tail stuck out and his ears
agog,
Who never never obeys her call.

Who was it said
That word of dread,
Bed?
Hush the trumpet, muffle the drums!
Somebody comes, a nursemaid comes,
And off goes she—
She's only three,
You see.
In spite of her pleading, wheedling wiles,
In spite of her tricks and songs and
smiles,
Shaking her tousled golden head,
She is seized, God bless her, and marched
to bed.

Shut eye;
Lullaby.
One peep,
Go to sleep. R. C. L.



COLD COMFORT.

Visitor to the West Indies (who has been warned against bathing in the river because of alligators, but has been told by the boatman that there are none at the river's mouth). "BY JOVE, THIS IS RIPPING! BUT, I SAY, HOW DO YOU KNOW THERE ARE NO ALLIGATORS HERE?"

Boatman. "WELL, YOU SEE, SAH, DE ALLIGATOR AM SO TURB'LE FEARED OB DE SHARK!"

DIETETIC ETHICS.

["You can make a person good or bad, honest or dishonest, simply by seeking the right kind of diet."—Bishop Fallows, of Chicago.]

It was once understood, if a baby was good,
That, so far from deserving the credit, he
Owed each little grace one might happen to trace
In his tiny white soul to heredity.
The converse, of course, had equivalent force:
If virtuous ways were too tame for him,
If he kicked in his crib and tore holes in his bib,
Bad ancestors must be to blame for him.

This creed had its day in the usual way
Till some one invented another one,
Which, of course, being new, very rapidly grew
Till every one scouted the tother one:
Environment next was the popular text—
A model of virtue a lad might be
If rescued in time from the purlieus of crime,
No matter how wicked his dad might be.

But Science in vain made attempts to explain
The nature of vice and the laws of it;
She failed in her search: it was left to the Church
To find the mysterious cause of it.
Come, trainers of youth, hear the Bishop's new truth!
This briefly will give you the sum of it:
You may turn any brat into this, into that,
By what you may put in the tum of it.

Your virtue and vice—to be short and concise—
Have diet alone for their origin.

If a babe's to emerge like a saint, I should urge
A plentiful pouring of porridge in.
A bantling should shrink from Welsh rabbit, I think,
Before, say, his third anniversary,
While pickles and beer and red herring appear
To sap the moral of the nursery.

When a brat has eschewed every vice-forming food,
When tarts he no longer eats jammily,
When he sticks to boiled rice, he will never know vice,
Whatever the crimes of his family.
The state of the mind varies thus with the kind
Of one's food, and of course it will follow—
The particular blend of one's creed will depend
On what one is able to swallow.

EPITAPH ON THE SOAP TRUST.

BORN NOV. 1ST, 1906.

DIED (*felo de se*) NOV. 23RD.

Buried at the Crossfields with a 15-oz. cake in his inside.

STRANGER, please drop a tear upon the dust
Of one that did spontaneously bust;
Had I lived on, they would have killed me dead,
So I committed suicide instead.



IN THE RUBBER COILS.

SCENE—The Congo "Free" State.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday night, November 20.—“Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?” “I do bite my thumb, Sir.” “Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?” “No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir; but I bite my thumb.”

Thus the servants of *Capulet* and *Montague* in a public place in fair Verona.

Scene re-enacted in House to-night. According to arrangements made last week the sitting was allotted for further consideration of Plural Voting Bill, interrupted by lamentable illness of LALU. Next to Education Bill good Conservatives most bitterly detest LALU's innocent-looking ewe lamb. They fought it tooth and nail whilst it was to the fore. When temporarily shelved, they, with a view of postponing evil day when it must take its place in the forefront of business, enlarged on any other subject that chanced to come up. As MATT PRIOR, not thinking of Parliamentary tactics, sang 200 years ago:—

The merchant to secure his treasure
Conveys it in a borrow'd name;
EUPHELIA serves to grace my measure;
But CHLOE is my real flame.

Hour had struck, and they must needs buckle to with design to scotch, since they could not kill, a piece of legislation genially described by CARSON as “the work, not of a statesman, but of a sneak.”

Judge their surprise when, on opening Orders of the Day this morning, they found standing first, not the Plural Voting Bill, but the Irish Town Tenants Bill! Report current that when he grasped situation CARSON straightway, from sheer joyousness of heart, proceeded to perform certain ordered steps in the cake-walk. Story lacks confirmation. But, when one comes to think of it, what a cake-walker CARSON would be if he only gave his mind to it, not to mention his elbows and knees.

Occasion brings forth one of those flashes of histrionic art that make us marvel why PRINCE ARTHUR gave up to Westminster what was meant, say, for the Théâtre Français. As soon as Questions were over, he interposed, and fixing C.-B. with glowing eye asked, “What about the Plural Voting Bill?”

For a moment C.-B. realised the feelings of the Wicked Uncle, home from his dire errand, confronted by demand for information as to where he had left the children. Endeavouring to hide uneasy conscience behind a smiling countenance, he explained that when he said he would put down the Plural Voting Bill for to-night he did not think he would live to find that the Town Tenants Bill required a second sitting for its consideration.



POPULAR PORTRAITURE.

Realising that to the general public a title, an environment, and a little action would add to the interest of the ordinary portrait, Mr. Punch begs to submit a few suggestions that may be useful to intending exhibitors at the R.A. and other places of popular entertainment.

No. III.—“SEVERED.”

“If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.”

PORTRAIT OF A PROMINENT SPORTSMAN OF UPPER TOOTING ENJOYING A DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.

This airy treatment would not do for PRINCE ARTHUR, his heart bleeding for the fate of the neglected Plural Voting Bill. Having sternly cross-examined PREMIER, he remarked, “The right hon. gentleman is teaching us not to adhere to anything he says.”

With angry roar Ministerial host closed round their stricken Chief. “Withdraw! Withdraw!” they yelled at PRINCE ARTHUR. Thus encouraged, C.-B. put himself into fencing attitude.

“Does the right hon. gentleman bite his thumb at me?” he asked. “Does he use words implying that I am in the habit of deceiving the House?”

PRINCE ARTHUR rising to answer found himself facing an infuriated throng who shouted “Withdraw! Withdraw!” with persistency that left no opening for withdrawal. In comparative pauses he found opportunity slowly to say: “The right hon. gentleman is personally incapable of intentionally deceiving the House.”

What I mean is, that through carelessness of statement he has led us to anticipate a course of business ultimately not adopted. In short, Mr. SPEAKER, I do not bite my thumb at the right hon. gentleman; but I bite my thumb, Sir."

"Nothing could be 'andsomer," was the comment of an hon. Member below Gangway seated in neighbourhood of Mr. WILL. CROOKS. The uproar ceased. The Orders of the Day were called on; PRINCE ARTHUR, ever thoughtful for others, hastily brushed away a tear that coursed down his cheek, and attempted to console EDWARD CAISON in his disappointment at accident that had barred progress of LULU's firstling.

Business done.—Report stage of Irish Town Tenants Bill.

House of Lords, Thursday.—"At Last!" as CHARLES KINGSLEY remarked when he voyaged forth to view with unobscured eyes the actual West Indies. Education Bill is through House of Lords; more precise to say an Education Bill is in such state. Compared with the measure the Commons sent on last August, the one returning to it is as completely repaired as was the Irishman's gun. It's all there, save for new lock, stock and barrel.

"And what do you think will come of it all?" the PRIMATE, on his way to unrobe, asked the MEMBER FOR SARK as he passed him on the steps of the Throne.

"Since your Grace asks me," said my right hon. friend, "I may—using the words of course strictly in a Parliamentary sense—venture to state my private conviction that in due course it will appear that the zeal of the Lords hath eaten them up."

Business done.—The Lords complete Committee on Education Bill.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. HALDANE has decided not to mount sentries at the new War Office, Whitehall. He desires to avoid even the appearance of militarism.

It has also been decided, in the interests of economy, that barrack buildings shall have one coat of paint in future instead of two. The silence preserved by the Royal Academy on the matter of this decision is adversely commented on.

Not being permitted to encourage rifle shooting, the Burgess Hill group of County Council school managers has decided to ask permission of the East Sussex education authority to acquire a piece of land in order to teach school-boys gardening. It is thought that the request will be granted on the under-

standing that nothing be taught which will enable the lads to throw up entrenchments.

£10,000 is offered by *The Daily Mail* to the first person who flies from London to Manchester. Personally, we have often wanted to fly from London, but Manchester has never struck us as a more desirable haven. This, we suppose, is the reason why such a substantial prize is to be given.

An appeal is made for a more handy word than "Aeroplane." A barber asks, What's wrong with "Air-cutter"?

It looks as if brighter times are in store for authors. Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX has just booked another order—this time from the King of SERBIA.

The rumour that the Crown Prince of SERBIA was demented has been denied by an official *démenti*. Confusion worse confounded!

Meanwhile we hear that the CROWN PRINCE is, anyhow, so eccentric that his younger brother is already a kind of Half-Crown Prince—in a Twopenny-ha'penny kingdom.

It seems incredible, but we do not believe that any one has yet referred to Mr. MORELBY BELL as the Bell of New York. We do so now.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE spoke encouragingly of the state of the British Drama at a dinner last week: he questioned whether at any time since the days of ELIZABETH there had been so much reason for optimism. Miss DRAUGHN is now appearing in *The New Aladdin*.

A tramp who was summoned at Fairfield Police Court for begging was found, on examination, to be wearing a horse-rug round his shoulders, two top coats, a small coat, three waistcoats, three shirts, three pairs of trousers, and six pairs of stockings. It seems strange that this man should not have realised that he was in a position to earn a handsome salary as a Music Hall humorist.

The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is considering the question whether live whelks, when used as bait, do not come within the scope of the Wild Animals in Captivity Protection Act. It is further rumoured that a sensational charge of ill-treating a Stilton cheese by imprisoning it in an air-tight receptacle will, at the instance of the Society, shortly come before the Courts.

Sir LAUDER BRUNTON regards dust as one of the greatest enemies of old age.

There can be little doubt that we should all live longer if we did not become dust.

The publication of the fact that each of the prisoners' cells at the new Old Bailey contains a dainty wooden table of the new art pattern has served to increase the excitement among our criminal classes, and loud complaints are made as to the delay in opening the building.

OPTIMISM.

[A deputation from the House of Commons, that interviewed the PRIME MINISTER with regard to old-age pensions, was assured that the matter would be dealt with as soon as time and money will permit.]

WHEN you find it getting harder
To refill an empty larder
And you're failing in virility and wit;
Don't allow the fact to grieve you,
For Sir HENRY will relieve you—
Just as soon as time and money will permit.

If you're getting old and needy,
If you're chronically seedy,
Or occasionally subject to a fit,
Yet the State exchequer offers
Compensation from its coffers—
Just as soon as time and money will permit.

You have merely got to mention
That you'd rather like a pension
(Presupposing you're a law-abiding cit.);
You may not, at first, believe it,
But you're certain to receive it—
Just as soon as time and money will permit.

When some persons in a hurry
Were unwise enough to worry,
Did Sir HENRY merely counsel them to
"git"?
No! The joyful deputation
Heard him hint at legislation—
Just as soon as time and money will permit.

Then all honour unto C.-B. !
What a thoughtful man must he be !
Let us emulate his optimistic grit !
(Though we feel that we are fated
To be buried, or cremated,
Ere the day when "time and money
will permit !")

Good News for Battersea.

"Radical repairs are being effected in the Dogs Palace."

So, at least, we learn from the *Cork Constitution*; the information having been communicated, no doubt, by a Venetian colleague of Mr. MAX BEERBOHM.

"WANTED, 24 Christian Men and a Bandmaster, for the Independent Methodist Mission Brass Band."—*Hull Daily Mail*.

WE have always felt, with some brass bands, that the qualification can only have been a moral one.



Customer. "I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T FIND MY HAIR IN VERY GOOD ORDER. I'VE ONLY JUST RETURNED FROM THE GOLD COAST, WHERE IT'S BEEN RATHER DIFFICULT TO GET IT PROPERLY CUT."

Barber. "CUT, SIR! WHY, IT'S BEEN BIT!"

"H. E. HOOPER, LTD."

FOLLOWING UPON the example set him by Mr. OWEN HALL (although as a matter of fact in need of no prompting whatever), Mr. H. E. HOOPER has decided to turn his active and mobell brain into a limited liability company with a capital of £5,000,000,000.

Mr. HOOPER has come to this decision only after the most careful consideration. Tired of frequent journeyings to and from America, often in rough weather; tired of the wear and tear of distributing Encyclopædias; tired of the Book war and the letters of all the Club's subscribers but particularly of R/15779; he has made up his mind. Henceforward he will be the brain behind whatever concerns may care to enlist his services. That is his new *métier*.

Mr. HOOPER does not bind himself to think only of the interests of one firm. He is prepared to think for all who employ him. He will just sit in a revolving chair, put on his carpet slippers

and think. The more he thinks the more you will profit.

Fees, low.

Thought, very high.

Is your paper in a bad way?—Go to HOOPER.

Have you any old Encyclopædias to sell?—Go to HOOPER.

Are your profits decreasing?—Go to HOOPER.

As TENNYSON said—

HOOPER

Is the great re-couper.

Now is the time to subscribe.

Have a few debentures?—No?

Then a few preference shares?—No?

Then buy the ordinary stock.

Directors.

Mr. C. F. MOBERLY BELL.

Mr. J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.

Dr. ARTHUR SHADWELL.

Mr. JOSEPH LYONS.

Mr. WYMAN.

Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN.

JACKSON.

Testimonial from a chartered phrenologist.

I certify HOOPER's Head to be covered with the best kinds of bump.

WALTER CRANIUM, M.R.I.C.P.

What HOOPER thinks to-day England does, and pays for, to-morrow.

HOOPER knows.

HOOPER has both his eyes wide open.

HOOPER was not born yesterday.

HOOPER can count five beans as accurately as any one.

HOOPER is no chicken.

HOOPER is all there.

HOOPER gets a cinch of the pocket every time.

HOOPER is a boss mind.

Don't make any mistake about HOOPER.

Testimonial from a chartered hatter.

I certify that HOOPER takes a No. 9 hat, and that he can only keep even that on by means of a vacuum brake.

HENRY HOBBS, M.R.I.C.H.

JEU DE MORT.

If you like a good hearty death-bed laugh, you must go and see *The Doctor's Dilemma*; but if you are not yet perfect in the cult of Mr. SHAW, but still feel a little sensitive about the more elementary decencies, you had better leave before the end of the Fourth Act. And, in foregoing the conclusion, you must not be troubled by the thought that you will miss the full meaning of Mr. SHAW's design. You will miss that anyhow, and in good company; for the author himself would be hard put to it to prove that he does not share your uncertainty as to his intentions.

The doctor who suffers from the titular "dilemma" is supposed to have invented a new method for inducing good germs to devour bad ones. He has ten consumptive patients under treatment; and there are two other urgent cases brought to his notice. One is that of a good fellow, a poor over-worked member of his own profession; the other that of a brilliant young artist, who is also an accomplished scamp. We are asked to believe that it is impossible for the doctor to undertake more than one of these two cases. Hence his dilemma. But his reason for declining to undertake both is never made sufficiently convincing; and that is unfortunate, as upon this point the rest of the play is made to turn. His choice is finally made in favour of the honest man, whose death would be the greater loss; and he hands over the other to a fashionable doctor, with the fatal results which were anticipated. In this course he is influenced largely by admiration for the victim's wife, and by a desire to save her from the knowledge of her husband's true character. And so, after some very attractive dialogue (though I must doubt if you could get half-a-dozen doctors to let off so many familiar professional wheezes in one another's company) we arrive at last at the death-bed scene.

Here, in the presence of his wife and five lay-figures (four of them eminent doctors, and one a studio property), with many appeals to the most sacred associations, the dying man, declaring himself to be a disciple of Mr. SHAW, makes profession of his faith as an artist, and apologises for his life as a worm. For it

should be understood that his vices are not of the forgivable kind that one allows to erratic genius; they are ugly and dirty and mean. And if any other author had classed such a type among the followers of Mr. SHAW's creed of life, Mr. SHAW should have had my indignant sympathy. Even as it is, I am very sorry for him.

So the man dies on his wife's breast; and she loosens her embrace and rises and moves from the room. Instantly the doctors burst out into ribald badi-

ribaldry, or else it is an incident without importance and there is no sense in trying to harrow us with the pathos of it. Some such thought as this seems to have penetrated even the author's "nuciform" headpiece; for later on he makes one of his characters say that "life does not cease to be funny because people die." True enough, and mercifully so; but one may be permitted to distinguish between the consolations of philosophy and the licence of the buffoon. And the choice of occasion has also something to do with it. And again, it is possible to think of funny things without necessarily saying them aloud or in print. As to this possibility, I think perhaps it may never have occurred to Mr. SHAW.

Unless he consents to cut out the chief cause of offence, and drop his curtain in the Fourth Act at the close of the death-oration, I can only wish that his drama may perish of rapid consumption. Yet I should regret a fatality which could be so easily avoided; for the play contains some very excellent phagocytes, which enjoy a strong numerical advantage over its malevolent germs. The humour of the first two Acts is delightful, if not always very fresh (the joke, for instance, about being careless recalls too closely a similar *mot* in *The Importance of being Earnest*). And there are some scraps of proverbial philosophy let fall by one of the doctors—a man of the old school, who recognises most of the new inventions as having been made, and condemned, in his father's day—which have a serious value. Unfortunately, by steady abuse of it, Mr. SHAW has long ago forfeited his claim to be taken seriously.

The acting throughout was really admirable, though, perhaps, apart from the death scene, Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER trusted too easily to his words to carry him through, and did not help us to realise much else in his part beyond its improbability. Mr. ERIC LEWIS had the pick of the good things, but it would be a thankless task to draw distinctions in work of so uniform an excellence. O. S.

"DIEU ET MON DROIT."—Certainly; before accepting the post of Turkish Bath shampooer, you should insist on having an undertaking that your uniform be provided free.



"—BUT THOSE UNHEARD ARE SWEETER."

SCENE—A Boarding-house.

Wife. "WHY DO YOU ALWAYS SIT AT THE PIANO, DAVID? YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T PLAY A NOTE!"

David. "NEITHER CAN ANYONE ELSE, WHILE I AM HERE!"

nage calculated to convulse the votaries of Mr. SHAW. Their approval was an overwhelming tribute to the author's greatness, an eloquent acknowledgment of his superiority to the laws of common decency. If, in that chastening moment of terror and pity, anybody in the audience had dared, without Mr. SHAW's invitation, to break the spell with even a suppressed titter, he would have been scowled upon for a wanton sacrilege done to Nature and to Art.

After all, Death is either a very big thing (as Mr. BARRIE would say) and so not a subject for immediate

BALLAD DIDACTICS.

[“Incidentally a good round, such as the 17th Century ‘Great Tom is Cast,’ or ‘Turn again, Whittington,’ or a ballad, such as ‘The Bay of Biscay,’ or ‘Here’s a Health unto His Majesty,’ may be used to awaken an abiding interest in history and geography.”—A. E. Keeton on “National Art Songs” in the “Monthly Review” for November.]

ACTING on this suggestion, the Board of Education, abetted by Mr. BIRRELL, is issuing an annotated edition of English Folk-songs for use in the National Schools. We subjoin extracts:

“*The Bay of Biscay.*”—This dramatic and descriptive piece of poetry relates to the celebrated occasion when an unequal contest was waged against the fury of the elements by the crew of a British bark. It appears that some dreadful thunder roared loudly, the rain came down in a deluge, and vivid flashes of lightning rent the clouds asunder. The night was dreary and pitch dark, and owing to the incessant strain on the unfortunate ship’s timbers a formidable leak was sprung. The storm-tossed seamen, dreading an immediate grave in the deep, clung to the slippery shrouds exhausted with their exertions, while the vessel lay until the following morning in the Bay of Biscay. In the sequel it will

be seen that a sail appeared in the nick of time. The crew hailed her with three cheers, and were promptly conveyed with a now favouring gale from the vicinity of the Bay in question. This pathetic incident occurred towards the end of the eighteenth century, before the introduction of steam. It may be taken as historic, though the number of the vessel at Lloyd’s has not been handed down.

“*The British Grenadiers.*”—We have here a stirring encomium on a famous regiment, which was originally armed with hand grenades. Its bravery is

favourably compared with that of certain Greek heroes, bearing the names of ALEXANDER, HERCULES and LYSANDER. In respect of tow-row-rowing the British Grenadiers were admittedly supreme. To be more explicit, the instant they were commanded to storm the palisades, their officers led with fuses and the picked men followed with grenades and threw the latter from the glacis about the enemies’ ears, the tow-row-rowing being thereupon repeated. We are strongly recommended in the song to drink to

Churchman and outspoken believer in the divine right of Kings; that he strongly inclined to Roman tenets under JAMES THE SECOND, and was on the point of becoming a Jesuit, but for the Revolution; and that he was the reverse of a Passive Resister when WILLIAM claimed his allegiance. On the accession of ANNE he reverted to Toryism, not without some strong language addressed to ecclesiastical trimmers, and finally under GEORGE THE FIRST elected to turn Whig, and support the Protes-

tant succession. His life-story is not further continued, but, judging from the accepted dates, the reverend gentleman must by then have been a centenarian. Until his dying day, however, he expressed a firm determination to retain under every régime the incumbency of his agreeable Thames-side living. ZIG-ZAG.

REAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[The subjoined letter has been received from the actual gentleman who signs it. While happy to publish it, we repudiate beforehand all responsibility for any result, fatal or other, which may follow upon perusal of it.]

To the Editor of “Punch.”

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—When the Marquis of RUIGNY was compiling his monumental work, “The Plantagenet Roll of the Blood Royal,” and I, as one of the royal descendants, was requested to

supply the noble Marquis with details regarding myself and my family, I happened to show my friend, Mr. OSCAR MOUAT BALTHASAR (who, by the way, is himself descended from “The Three Holy Kings”) one of my letters addressed to the Marquis of RUIGNY, which was, as you may imagine, most humbly and politely worded. “You do butter him up,” remarked my friend, “but, certainly, a long roll requires a lot of butter.” I do not know whether you will agree with me, but I confess I thought this rather a good joke. Yours very faithfully,

ALGERNON ASHTON.



A FEATHER-WEIGHT CHAMPION.

the continued health of these valorous fighting-men and their commanders.

“*The Vicar of Bray.*”—This is a metrical autobiography of a Berkshire incumbent, gifted with a flexible conscience, and is marked by self-revelation worthy of a PEPYS. We have also a valuable epitome of religious policy under the Stuart and Hanoverian dynasties. The successive sovereigns are mentioned by name, which adds highly to its worth as an historical document. We learn, for instance, that in the golden days of King CHARLES THE FIRST our cleric obtained his benefice through being a keen High

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is high time for some English publisher to produce a translation of "PIERRE DE COULEVAIN's" *L'Île Inconnue* (CALMANN-LÉVY). The extraordinary popularity which this book has won in France is sufficient proof of a sincere desire on the part of our neighbours to become initiated into the mystery of life and manners in this unexplored Isle of Britain. And, since the charming authoress has here made a comparative study of the characteristics of both nations, it is well that a reciprocal interest should be stimulated among those whose study of French ideals is hampered by their ignorance of the French tongue. I should be sorry to seem to underrate the value of those exchanges of civic or commercial hospitality by which the *Entente* has been from time to time encouraged; but it is certain that far more has been done to promote a cordial understanding by this work of PIERRE DE COULEVAIN than by many international feats of *gourmandise*.

To loyal friends of the Sage of Bouverie Street this book has a peculiar attraction on account of a visit paid to Mr. Punch by the authoress; a visit to which she devotes many flattering pages. Appreciation in foreign quarters is not so habitual an experience with him that he can afford to repress the blush of modest pride on reading such a passage as this: "*Il n'y a aucun mérite à lire Punch quand on sent l'humeur; il est délicieux!*" He is more and more convinced that a perfect understanding between the two countries is only a question of right education, but that it will never be accomplished until every inhabitant of both nations subscribes to his paper, and all hearts on each side of the Channel are hebdomadally united by the wireless current of his magnetism. Meanwhile he begs leave to offer to his gracious and amiable guest the assurance of his homage the most profound.

There ought to be on the front page of every book a list of the people who appear in it; with a little note against each name to say "You'll like this man," or "This chap's a beast," or "She'll want some knowing, but she's rather a dear, really"—so that the reader might start fair, with his mind prejudiced in the right direction. When I say this ought to be so, I mean that it would be rather amusing in the case of some books. It would be particularly amusing with Mr. KEBLE HOWARD's new book, *The Whip Hand* (CHAPMAN AND HALL); because I feel certain that against Philip Love, the hero, he would put "Darned good fellow," or something like that. Whereas, really, you know, he is the most selfish prig one has met for a long time. On the other hand, Oswald Lewis, the bounder, is merely a melodramatic bounder. Mr. HOWARD is taking no risks with him. He is not implicit in his treatment of types. "I'm going to make this chap such a bounder," he says, "that even the ordinary bounder will recognise him, and thank Heaven he is not as this man."

Mr. HOWARD's strong point, as is well known, is dialogue; indeed he never seems quite comfortable away from it. The dialogue here is as accurate as ever, though I am not sure whether photographic accuracy is the one thing to go for in dialogue. There ought to be a pleasant mean between Mr. ANTHONY HOPE's *Dolly* and Henry his Reader, and Mr. HOWARD is the man to find it. On the whole a quiet, comfortable, readable book—qualities which Mr. HOWARD seems content to regard as the aim and end of his art.

Mr. MARION CRAWFORD knows his Rome, an accomplishment possible, it is true, to the ordinarily intelligent sojourner therein. His latest novel, *A Lady of Rome* (MACMILLAN), is instinct with the throbbing life of the historic city. Every

page glows with pictures of its ancient palaces, is coloured by glimpses of its bustling streets, the sound of whose names makes music in the ear. But he is also master of a profounder study, that of the heart of man and woman, especially woman. A beautiful girl in love with a well-born but impecunious soldier is forced into marriage with a wealthy noble. Their relations are briefly but effectively set forth in a couple of sentences. "Many persons really suffer if a cat is in the room and almost faint if the creature accidentally brushes against them. If any of them read these lines they will understand, for that is what Maria felt for the man who was her husband and who loved her almost to folly." It will be gathered from this way of putting it that the married life of the Count and Countess Montalto was not altogether a happy one. The situation was brought to a climax by discovery of renewed relations between the Countess and her old lover. Thereupon the outraged husband quitted Rome and spent many years in Spain. It is in the story that follows, recording the conflict between honour and passion fought by the hopeless lovers, that Mr. CRAWFORD's dramatic skill and delicate workmanship are seen at their best. Of several studies that of the husband is, perhaps, the best. Mr. CRAWFORD has reached a stage in his career in which he becomes his own most dangerous enemy. Readers of his books are apt to recall earlier triumphs, and shake solemn heads over imagined decadence. *A Lady of Rome* will safely stand this familiar ordeal.

In spite of the fly-leaf list of sixteen books to his credit, I am convinced that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has missed his vocation; that he is wasted as a writer of "novels," "fantasias," "short stories," "*belles lettres*," and "drama" (as he classifies his works). What he ought to do is to take his latest production, *Whom God Hath Joined* (NUTT), to the editor of some newspaper which placards "shocking scandals" and "horrible details," and show it as a specimen of descriptive reporting in the Divorce Court. He is sure of a job. Only first he must work hard at his proof-correcting.

When I saw *The Poacher's Wife* (METHUEN), with Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' name on the cover, I opened the book hoping to get a breath of that Dartmoor atmosphere which Mr. PHILLPOTTS, better than any other writer living, knows how to transfer to paper. What I did get was (as nearly as I can recall it) the following, vaguely stimulated here and there with the familiar fragrance very heavily diluted:—*Daniel Sweetland*, the poacher, marries Minnie Marshall, and is arrested for the murder of a keeper in a mysterious poaching affray, his gun having been found on the spot by Titus Sim, his rejected rival and ostensible friend, a footman in the service of Sir Reginald Vivian. Daniel escapes, leaving evidence of suicide; meets sailorman looking for ship's hand; * sails to West Indies, whither Henry Vivian has gone to inspect his father's plantations; * writes tedious descriptive letters to his wife; meets Henry, who denounces him as murderer; flies to mountains. His ship sails without him, and is reported lost with all hands. Titus woos supposed widow. Daniel discovers plot to murder Henry,* and saves his life.† Daniel, disguised as deaf and dumb negro servant, returns with Henry.† Daniel reveals himself to Titus, who rides off to kill Minnie. Daniel, in motor car, arrives in time to save her.† Titus, proved to have faked evidence against Daniel, gets five years for attempted murder. Daniel rewarded with post of assistant overseer in Tobago.†

* This mark indicates the more important instances of development of the narrative by means of improbable coincidences.

† This mark indicates either a somewhat tame rustic interlude or a not wholly indispensable slab of explanation or recapitulation. It also indicates the places where I paused and had another look at the cover to make sure that Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS really wrote the book.